

## KEEP THE KIDNEYS WELL

Health is Worth Saving, and Some Newport News People Know How to Save It.

Many Newport News people take their lives in their hands by neglecting the kidneys when they know these organs need help. Sick kidneys are responsible for a vast amount of suffering and ill health, but there is no need to suffer nor to remain in danger when all diseases and aches and pains due to weak kidneys can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. Here is the statement of a Newport News citizen who has reclaimed good health by the use of this remedy:

Mrs. H. E. Horton, residence 1210 Twenty-fifth St., Newport News, Va., says: "Like a great many men who follow Mr. Horton's occupation he is annoyed every now and then with attacks of kidney complaint, indicated by dull aching in the small of his back and irregularity of the kidney secretions. Certainly if the ingredients used in his occupation are not the primary cause of the trouble they aggravate it when attacks exist. During one he went to Stearnes drug store for Doan's Kidney Pills and took them as directed. They did him a world of good. I have heard him on more than one occasion recommend them very emphatically."

## PROF. D. D. BRUCE, M.D.

THE GREAT AUSTRIAN MEDIUM,  
The Only Living Apostle of Science  
of the Mysteries.



## \$5,000 IN GOLD

To anyone in the World to compete with him. Possessing more power than any four mediums combined. No Card, Trance or Hand Humbug. Greatest Hindoo Medium in the World.

SO GREAT IS HIS POWER that he can tell you while in a Clairvoyant state, all you wish to know without a word being spoken.

Come all ye broken hearted wives, all with low spirits and let him lift the burden from your aching and jealous heart. He challenges the world to compete with him in causing a speedy marriage with the one you love; uniting the separated and being back the lost one. Traces lost or stolen goods. Uncovers hidden treasures. Removes evil influences. Cures, Spells, Ill Luck. Given luck and Success in all you undertake—cures the Taraxaco and Liquor Habits, allows the captive to be set free.

He is the only one that will give a Written Guarantee to complete your business or refund your money. Are you sick? Do you know what the trouble is with you? COME AND CONSULT NATURE'S DOCTOR. Rheumatism, Insomnia, Hysteria and all Diseases Cured.

He will tell you whom you will marry. Will you be happy? He will tell you who your friends and enemies are.

Can you tell? Don't take a leap in the dark, but be advised by this wonderful man. Greatest Prophet in existence.

He always succeeds when others fail. This is the chance of a lifetime—don't let it pass you.

Hundreds of prominent Newport News and Peninsula people have been wonderfully pleased with the work of Prof. Bruce. Call and see him, and you will be more than pleased.

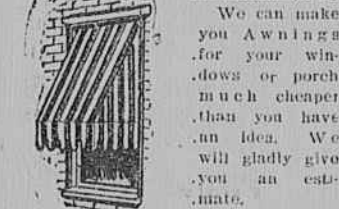
330 30th Street, near Huntington Ave.

Office Hours: 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Sunday: 2:30 to 7:30 p. m.

N. B.—Our consultation fee is 50c. Scatlings, \$1.00. All letters containing \$1.00 will be answered in full.

Exclusive Days for White People. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Citizen's Phone 119.

Appointments can be made over phone.



## W. P. Jones &amp; Co. DECORATORS

Manufacturers of

Awnings, Tents and Flags

BELL PHONE 927.

235 28th Street, Newport News, Va. All correspondence given prompt attention.

## The Scrap Book

## An Error of Mortal Mind.

When Christian Science began to find footing in Council Bluffs the little son of a prominent woman who had embraced the faith and was urging others to take it up was out of school a day because of sickness. When the youngster returned his teacher, who possessed an inquiring mind, engaged the youngster in conversation: "Been sick, Joe?" "Yes'm." "Sick enough to be in bed?" "Yes'm." "What did your mother do for you, Joe, while you ached so in bed?" asked the teacher, now all expectancy for the reply. "She mended my trousers," replied Joe—Omaha Excelsior.

## THE ANIMALS.

I think I could turn and live with animals, They are so placid and self-contained. I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition. They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God. Not one is dissatisfied; not one is demented with the mania of owning things; Not one kneels to another nor to his kind that lives thousands of years ago; Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth. —Walt Whitman.

## Von Moltke's Discrimination.

Bismarck once gave to some friends the following droll account of Count Moltke:

"When a declaration of war is floating in the air," the chancellor said, "even Moltke gets talkative, and when we were in for it in 1870, he grew ten years younger in a day. Before, taciturn and cross, he now chatted pleasantly, got an appetite for champagne and heavy cigars and lost the last remnant of gout that he had acquired while resting on laurels that had grown old. But at any rate, the famous old general is a comforting example for all enthusiastic smokers. He shows how healthy smoking is, and that one can grow old doing it. He showed his fondness for a good cigar even in the battle of Konigsgratz."

"On that memorable day in July, 1866, when victory and defeat hung for hours in the balance, I was filled with disquietude and apprehension. I rode up to Moltke, who sat on his horse like a statue, following every movement of the battle. To talk to him was impossible, but I had in my case two cigars left, a good one and a bad one. Without a word I offered the case to Moltke, and without a word he took it, examined the two cigars and selected the good one. This was enough encouragement for me, for I said to myself, if the general can so calmly select the better cigar, our chances must be good."

## A Consoling Thought.

A young authoress who has been uniformly unsuccessful in selling her manuscripts recently said to me, in all seriousness and with the sweetest spirit: "When I suffer from disappointment and thwarted ambition I go to a funeral to seek relief. Seeing the motionless figure at rest impresses it on me that we shall all be so some day—my own fevered heart, the very editor who refused me—and I feel a certain consolation in the thought!"—Lippincott's.

## Jacob Riis and the Pretty Girl.

Jacob Riis, whose heart covers all suffering humanity, recently engaged a pretty, soft haired girl to work his typewriter. While her face was pretty, he also saw that it was pale, and his heart at once went out to her as a suffering being. After watching the girl for half an hour one day he asked her in a tone full of sympathy:

"Don't you get awfully tired sometimes from that incessant click, click of the machine?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, "I do. It wears on the nerves dreadfully."

"I thought so," said Mr. Riis, warming up now that he had found a suffering soul. "Don't typewriters ever graduate from their work?"

"They do," replied the girl as a happy light broke over her face.

"And then what do they turn their hands to?" asked the warm hearted reformer.

"Well," said the girl as the pretties, pink blushes suffused her cheeks, "they generally marry their employers."

Then Mr. Riis turned hurriedly to his work.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Sitting on a Clerk.

In one of the executive departments in Washington a young man fresh from Texas was appointed a subchief of a division.

He had a misunderstanding with one of the clerks a few days after his advent, and he was instructed by his superior to discipline the clerk, as the latter happened to be in the wrong.

"You must discipline him. Not harshly, but sit down on him properly," said the chief of division.

"I don't like to do that," replied the Texan.

"We can't take our likes and dislikes into consideration in government service in the administration of our duties," advised the chief. "Give him a gentle dressing down, and then sit down on him quick and hard."

"I hate to do it."

"Can't help it. It's your duty. He is in a room by himself. No one will hear or see you. It will be good practice for you, as you will have to do it often. He's a little fellow too."

"That's the worst of it. If he were my size, I'd like the sport better than branding and roping steers. However, having been a deputy sheriff I know what my duty means. When I was told to go out and get a cattle rustler or a bad cowboy, I usually got him.

even if he came back to the courthouse feet first. You're boss, so here goes. I hate to do it."

"Nonsense," explained the chief. "It's nothing. Report to me what he said."

About half an hour later the subchief entered his superior's room. His face was scratched and his clothing appeared somewhat rumpled. Otherwise, his usually serious demeanor was unchanged.

"I sat on that clerk for fifteen minutes," he said quietly.

"What?" shouted the chief.

"I sat on him for fifteen minutes by the clock. For a little fellow he put up a stiff fight. I backed him, bound him and almost branded him from force of habit. But it was easy."

"My God!" gasped the other man.

"You said to be gentle with him, you know."

## The Hot Water Cure.

Dr. William Osler is always exceedingly precise in his directions to patients. He relates an experience which a brother practitioner once had which illustrates the dangers of lack of precision.

A young man one day visited this doctor and described a common malady that had befallen him.

"The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."

The patient took his leave and in a week returned.

"Well, how are you feeling?" the physician asked.

"Worse, doctor; worse, if anything," was the reply.

"Ah! Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

"I did my best, sir," said the young man, "but I couldn't keep it up more than a few minutes at a stretch."—Woman's Home Companion.

## He Got It, Bless Him!

Among the passengers on a western train recently, says the Boston Journal, was a woman very much over-dressed, accompanied by a bright looking nurse girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and kicks and screams and his viciousness toward his patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands and finally spat in her face without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother chided her sharply. Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fifth time a bug came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said condescendingly:

"Harry mustn't touch. Bug will bite Harry."

Harry screamed savagely and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:

"Why do you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a—"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the bug and caught it. The screams of pain that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers' eyes.

The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it." Mary turned in her seat and said confusedly:

"He's got it, ma'am!"

"What is it?" languidly asked the mother as the screams increased.

"A wasp, ma'am," said the nurse.

## His Limits.

A minister tells this story: "I once had in my Sunday school an urchin from a poor neighborhood. He brought in two or three recruits, and one afternoon I said to him, 'Billy, don't you think you could induce one or two other boys to come to Sunday school?' Billy answered, 'Well, sir, I could bring one, but all the other fellows in our alley can lick me.'"

## As His Mother Taught Him.

A southern judge tells of the disqualification of a jurymen who came before him. The case was a capital one, and the lanky backwoodsman declared determined opposition to capital punishment. Looking at him sternly, and in tones somewhat suggestive of wrath, the judge asked the fellow if he did not think there were conditions so extraordinary as to warrant the hanging of the offender. He said he did not believe anything could make him assent to such a verdict.

"But will your honor let me explain?" said the disqualified citizen.

"I'd like to give the court my reasons."

"I don't wish to hear any explanation from you. Go and sit down."

"Excuse me, judge, but you must hear my reason."

"Well, then, give it, and go along with you."

"The reason I am opposed to capital punishment, your honor, is that my old mammy taught me it were a sin to kill anything that wasn't fitten to eat."

## His Scheme Worked All Right.

It is related that a certain man was recently very sad because his wife had gone out of town on a visit, which she would not shorten in spite of his appeals to her to come home. He finally hit upon a plan to induce her to return. He sent her a copy of each of the local papers with one item clipped out, and when she wrote to find out what it was he had clipped out he refused to tell her.

The scheme worked admirably. In less than a week she was home to find out what it was that had been going on that her husband didn't want her to know about. — Ladies' Home Journal.



## Clean, Pure, Wholesome

## Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer

Visit the great Pabst Brewery at Milwaukee, and you will marvel at its immaculate cleanliness. Pabst believes that pure beer demands a clean brewery, and Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has been recognized for years as the standard of purity in beers.

You demand that your home be clean, and especially your kitchen where your food is prepared. As beer is a food, you have a right to know that the conditions under which it is made insure perfect cleanliness in the best of all beers—

## Pabst Blue Ribbon

## The Beer of Quality

From the time the barley goes into the Pabst malt houses, and the hops into the Pabst brewery, no ingredient used in Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer comes in contact with human hands. Even the air in which the malt is grown, by the famous Pabst Eight-Day Malting Process, is washed and filtered; every kettle, pipe and tank is regularly and thoroughly cleaned and sterilized.

After the beer is brewed the atmosphere never touches it. It is aged in air-tight tanks, it is filtered, bottled and pasteurized; it is a clean beer, just as it is a pure beer—and cleanliness and purity make it a good beer for you to drink.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is rich in the food values of perfect malt and the tonic properties of choicest hops, with a very low percentage of alcohol—less than 3½%—strictly a temperance beverage.

When ordering beer, ask for Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Made by Pabst at Milwaukee

And Bottled only at the Brewery.

Pabst Brewing Co.,

26th St. & C. & O. Ry., Newport News.

Phones: City 127, Bell 270.

## THE OASIS IN THE DESERT

(Continued from Page Eleven).

most as though she was a figure carved in stone.

"Something of this," her husband went on, "He told Mrs. Morton; but not all. Much of it she has guessed, and, guessing it, she has come tonight to ask me to give Howard an appointment which will take him to the Phillips."

The mission is a most important one—the man who has it can save his country from a danger which seriously threatens. Mrs. Morton believes Howard will consider his duty paramount to the woman who has intrusted her future to him. He stopped abruptly, and for the first time his wife spoke.

"And you," she asked quietly,—"you have consented?"

"That is the point upon which we desire to consult you," he replied.

"You see, I have already promised the appointment to a man who can defeat my candidacy for the presidency."

"That nomination of course will be for me. At present he looks upon me favorably; but if I break my promise he will be against me."

She started forward and was about to speak; but he checked her with a gesture.

"Wait," he said, "I am not done yet. The presidency—to make you the wife of the President—has been my ambition for years. I have worked for it, slaved for it, and in doing so I have neglected you and your happiness. Blindly I have sacrificed you to the ambition I have had for you. I have left you in loneliness, and have not understood—at least, not until now, not until I heard the story tonight from Mrs. Morton. How good God, Helen! I might be the woman of whom I spoke!" he declared passionately. "I know that I would not blame you if you were—I would only pity you and reproach myself."

His wife had listened to his words with parted lips, while a faint color stole into her cheeks. Now, as he finished, she went to him and laid her hand upon his shoulders. "And all these years you have been working just for me?" she said gently. "Ah, if I had only known! If you had only told me about it!"

He looked up at her and smiled. "Yes, all these years for you," he answered, "and now," he pointed to

Mrs. Morton, "she wants me to throw the work away."

"Do it—do it gladly, John," she whispered; "for it has served its purpose—it has brought me perfect happiness at last."

He raised her gloved hand to his lips and kissed it. Then he turned to the other woman, who was awaiting his reply.

"You have your answer, Mrs. Morton," he said. "Howard shall have the appointment you are seeking for him."

Mrs. Morton drew her wraps about her. "I'll go home and tell him at once," she said.

The Senator checked her with a gesture. "No," he said, "the appointment is from Helen. The news of it should come from her. You must write a note telling Howard what you have secured for him." He went on, turning to his wife, "and asking that he accept it."

She stood looking at him for a moment. Then without a word she drew off her glove and wrote a few hurried lines, which she handed to her husband. He did not glance down at them, but passed them to Mrs. Morton.

"Let Howard learn the news from this," he said.

"Yes," she answered, and a moment later she had gone, leaving the husband and wife alone together.

The man strode to the fire. A moment later there was a rattle behind him, and a warm hand stole into his. He lifted it to his lips and kissed it, and then, still retaining it, he turned and faced her.

"Your ring—the cameo that you always wear, Helen," he asked, "where is it?"

She did not answer at once, but looked steadily in his eyes. Then she whispered, "You know the truth?"

He bowed his head.

"And knowing the truth, you sacrificed everything—the honor in all the world!" she cried. "Oh, how base I have been to one who loved me so, how base! How could I be?" Suddenly she sank down on her knees before him, her hand clutching his. "Can you ever forgive me?"

He stooped and gently raised her. "Gladly," he answered, "if you will only love me—just a little."

She did not speak; but, throwing her arms about him, drew his face down to hers.—Walter Hackett, in New York Tribune.

## "Where Rolls the Hampton Roads"

## The Mammoth FLOATING HOTEL and CAFE

## "Where the Latch String is Always Out"

## NOTICE!

To Newport News visitors and residents. When visiting Pines Beach Park, Ocean View, Norfolk or the Great Jamestown exhibition, don't overlook the place where you can get everything

## GOOD TO EAT AND DRINK

The best in this and New York Markets served in right up-to-the-minute style and at prices HALF THE CITY PRICES. Excellent music, high grade help. Everything first class. Nothing too good for our trade, particularly Newport News.

—Located at The—

END NEWPORT NEWS AND PINE BEACH PARK PIER.

HANDY FOR ALL COMERS AND GOERS TO NEWPORT NEWS

## "Unobstructed View of Warships"

## THE PEERLESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY 302-3-4 Twenty-eighth Street

Desires to announce to the public that they are in a position to make, at short notice, Mantles, Bank and Office Fixtures. Also special attention given to all kinds of repair work. Alterations in stores, banks and offices, made at short notice. Estimates cheerfully given.

## The Peerless Manufacturing Company

Successor to Aaron Mfg. Co.

C. S. STOUT, Mgr.